VERBUM SAPIENTI

MARY LANDON BAKER

PS
3503
A5445V4
1920

Class PS3503

Book A5445V4

Copyright No. 1920

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

VERBUM SAPIENTI

VERBUM SAPIENTI

MARY LANDON BAKER

CHICAGO
RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
MCMXX

PS3503
.A5445V4
1920

Copyright 1920 by
Mary Landon Baker
JAN -3 1921

©CLA604873

no 1

To
My Mother

God thought, and the Universe became.

Perfection is a synonym of Spirit.

Forgiveness is enlightenment.

The Universe is the Unity of all spiritual being.

Truth and beauty are one, together they are love.

Revery is a chaotic manifestation of dream images—not cerebral, but celestial.

Visions are incorporeal cinematographs.

Time and space are material hallucinations.

Hopes are the fire-flies of destiny.

An appreciation of intellect is an exhibition of brains.

A library is a garden—the reader gathers the honey of wisdom and wit.

Spiritual attainments are the oases in the desert of life—material joys are the mirages.

We are never truly of the earth. The Spirit knows perfect freedom—its liberty is God's great gift to us.

Out of suffering is all beauty built—after a storm comes the rainbow, after soul-torment comes peace.

Our existence on this earth is an episode in our Life of which death is but an incident.

As measured as the tides of ocean are the incarnations of the soul.

Memory is not only a faculty of the mind, it is an attribute of the soul.

To-day's idealists are the true thinkers of to-morrow.

Monera is to man what the earth is to the universe.

Inspiration comes to one like the remembrance of a long forgotten poem.

A soul is a bird caught in the forests of Infinity, and caged in the human frame.

One of the greatest experiences of earthly life is the ability to travel around the world —nay, the Universe, inside the four walls of home.

The powers of the soul are vaster than the giddy whirling of the planets, and deeper than the solemn hand of fate.

God is the great Positive; this world is the negative. We cannot appreciate day without night; light without darkness; rest without labor; peace without suffering. The world was made that man might glimpse mortality —might see what God is *not*, that in the life everlasting he may thereby understand that which God IS.

Not through the accumulation of learning but through the cultivation of our unconscious perceptions, do we enter—spiritually educated,—into the realization that Eternity is here and now.

The Universe is a spiritual symphony, and our souls are being tuned to the Music of the Spheres.

The poem of the sea was created when God rhymed the Wind and the Waves.

Art is a mirror in which are reflected the emotions of the soul.

Each soul is the essence of God, therefore each soul is omnipotent.

It is more important for a true friend to be in sympathy with one's joys than with one's sorrows.

A true friend is that person with whom one can safely air an atom of one's inner consciousness; pour out a drop from each of the varied phials of one's thought laboratory.

The most torrid wrath is cooled by time—moss as soft as velvet will grow on the hardest stone.

Wit is the language of the intellect; gentleness, the speech of the soul.

The day is dazzling or grey, but always light. It is a statement of fact. We see no farther than our earth—the sun gives light, the sky is but an airy and cerulean covering. The night is interrogatory, it is an immense question. The world then is but a fragment of the whole. The vastness of the firmament is beyond our grasp, we ask God Why and What and Where.

One day we shall learn that the Universe would not be perfect without us; we are an eternal and complete part of the great whole, therefore we are the whole.
Each ego represents the Universe.

To be a philosopher one must first possess the charming credulity of a child. The youngest looks with wonderment upon the commonplace,—it is thus that a wise man contemplates the Universe.

The creation of true beauty is spontaneous, —it is something ineffable that emerges from the spirit, a possession so precious that we must share it with the world.

Meditations are moments in life's journey in which we pause, contemplate our souls, and then resume the tediousness of the hours. We do not measure spiritual values by the sands of the hour-glass but by the illimitable and everlasting pulse-beats of eternity.

Our souls are constantly rising to a higher plane of thought and beauty; sometimes we are unconscious of this ascending but ever it surges within us.

Looking down from a lofty and wooded mountain trail upon a fertile and busy valley is a revelation of Deity. The people below are but puppets—marionettes,—and one seems to play the part of master of the fête. They are animated, live, die, work, play, fail and prosper, only by one's will.

An artist is he who can express the nebulous ideas of a dreamer. He can change the poison of haunting memories into the nectar of beautiful dreams. The medium of expression matters not—writing, painting, music—or the gentle and heroic deeds of an unselfish soul.

Dusk lends mystery to the prosaic.

November Day.

Below, grey sea—white-foamed and roaring,
Above—grey sky, a white gull soaring.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 604 578 6